Our Children's Page-Published for The Times-Dispatch Children's Club

Fine Returns for Associated Charities

· I am always so proud of every single thing you do, and I knew that you would not fail to send what you could to help out the need of the Associated Charities. Sure enough, on the first mail Monday and Tuesday. came letters from T. D. C. C. boys and girls and renders of the page, gladly contributing their money. It seems to me that the grown people who wouldn't give would be ashame of themselves. Isn't it strange, children mine, that in all this big city, they couldn't find ten thousand people who uld give a dollar, and yet when you appeal to girls and boys, they immediately hustle about to help all they can?

am printing two of the letters just below that were sent with dollar for the charity fund, and we also had a quarter sent in from Robert Epps Jones. I can't tell you how it warms my heart to know that you are loving and unselfish with helpful hand stretched out to all the world.

I am going on my vacation, but the Times-Dispatch will take care of he money you send in, so keep up the good work. Also the announcement of the contest prize will not be made until I come back. Now take good

SEND DOLLAR FOR CHARITIES.

the page for me while I am gone.

Your letter to "My dear Girls and Boys," in Sunday's Richmond Times-Dispatch, made us wish to be one of your girls and boys, so we are sending you \$1.00 to start an auxiliary fund to the Times-Dispatch fund for Assolated Charities. Sincerely hoping this will be the beginning of a good sum for the needy of our dear city and a loving response from your "dear boys

MARY ELIZABETH KING. RICHARD MARION KING

11 1/2 North Twenty-ninth Street, city,

SAVE DOLLAR FROM ICE CREAM.

My dear Miss Witt:

Last week grandmother said to us: "Suppose you save your money rom ice cream cones and send to Miss Witt for the Associated Charities." o we saved a whole deliar, and when grandmother read your piece to us exterday we were just delighted, because we had it. We all are little Grandchildren of the Confederacy" and Miss Annie Camp is our president. We all help a poor old Confederate soldier and his wife, and grandmother Associated Charities help them too

We are going to send another dollar next week. Grandmother reads

RANNY, MARY McILWAINE and JANET TURPIN. Grandchildren of Mrs. Norman V. Randolph

THIS WEEK'S PRIZE WINNERS.

W. Harvey Trevillan, Jr., Ark, Va. Kathleen Roberts, of Norwood, Va.

Pearl V. Fliess, 169 Rose Avenue, Clifton Forge, Va.

Bright Stories by Members of the Club

THE SECRET PANEL.

orrens, and King Alfred, of Torren as abre pressing King Arthur, o

lfied, and on this evening when ling Alfred thought he would reach is destination the towers and tur-King Arthur was slowly retreat-

o his castle to capture the Queen kill him. Jack and Carl had reached the cabin in time to see what had the castle in time to avert his happened.

He had retreated to the town, nich, was only a few miles distant om Andorra, the capital.

gailery and flattened herself he wall, with the Prince be-

and released the spring of

s the panel snapped shut fear, and others of victors ard without the castle walls. Arthur's re-enforcements had

MARGARET BOWLES

THE BURLED GOLD.

CHAPTER I.

his is a story of the Momstocks out a hut in the woods. Billy, the her, called Billy Comstock, the ter; Paul (the cldest of the the horse-rider, a.d Andy

to get something to cook, they a rustling in the brushes, and they saw a policeman, hat's up, Cap?" asked Paul, man has broke out of jail,"

Vell, we will be on our way." And

elp, help!" The yells came from outh of a girl of sixteen.

That's up now?" Paul asked is some adventure. once came the yells again.

e on, Andy, this is too much."
y went, Paul in the lead. They
me to a hut in the side of the

quick!" yelled the girl. et Mason. came. They had arrived ne to see her father strike

nt Paul and jumped upon the and bore him to the floor.
see stay with us 'til he gets' pleaded the girl, who was

beautiful. was the matter?" asked

he got drunk!" and the girl

aging the head of the mother. (To be continued.) ext chapter, "In the House of illains or the Men in Blue.")

THE ADVENTURES OF THREE

BOYS ON BEAVER ISLAND.

"All's Well That Ends Well."

When the crazy man grabed at Bob King Arthur was slowly retreat-ng, and in his heart was a fear grouth, the crazy man did not hit hat King Alfred would send spice the ground with sufficient force to

Bob climed down the tree and ran to the mans side. Jack and Carl Prince John was King Arthur's gan to examine him. He seamed to heir, and King Alfred had been dazed and soon opened his eyes and said, "Doggon you, nigger, you'll pay Meanwhile, in the castle, there was for this." He closed his eyes again ation. Queen Beatrice and seamed to loose consciousness, "Don't you dare call me a nigger, cried Bob, instantly, "Hush Bob," with silence, for it was to be said Jack, "You don't know what he young lady. I mean each with a a last resort is taiking about, but I have surmised -you hurry up and make a litter the reward that had been oneren. Can't Chenge Just Now. King to carry him to camp on and you a right good sum left, every will find out then. They cut two "Well," remarked stent poles and pulled of their coats were homeward bound: "All's well and put the poles through the arm- that ends well." who knew wholes of the coats and then buttoned them, the back up and the litter was made. Jack and Carl was the ones that gave up their coats.

ing him by the hand she the cots in the tent and made comfortable. No sooner had the boys finished than the man regained consciousness. "Next time you drop anywhere am 17" "You are with three boys on

Beaver. Jack Allen, me, Carl Benson, this boy on my left and Bob Haslins at your feet. The man seamed The man seamed hopelessly mixed up. Why-up-what.

"There now," soothed Bob." will be all right in a minute." You tell us all you know about yourself, not in detail, but who you are and where you live and what was the last thing you knew until now," said

Well, said the man after a long reflection, "I am James Porter, and I live in Lake Port. Father and mother are living, and father is in the real estate business. I didn't care much for that work, so took up masonry. We were working One day, while on their way to was carrying a load of bricks up to

him and he slipped. I heard some one holler and that's all I know about it and until now my mind has been a blank.

"Thn you didn't call mea 'nigger.'" asked Bob. "I never saw you before, my boy," was the answer "Well," said Jack, "I have a little So the time that is more exciting. explanation to make."

How he regained consciousness? asked Carl. Exactly. Now I am no scientist,

but I was reading lately how a blow on the head sometimes makes a person return if a blow on the head had taken his reason; that is, made his must have hit him on the head and his mind was a blank until the blos he received when he fell off the cabin made his reason return. The brick when it hit his head must have dislodged something, and when he fell

ventures with him. for the way I have treated you, and

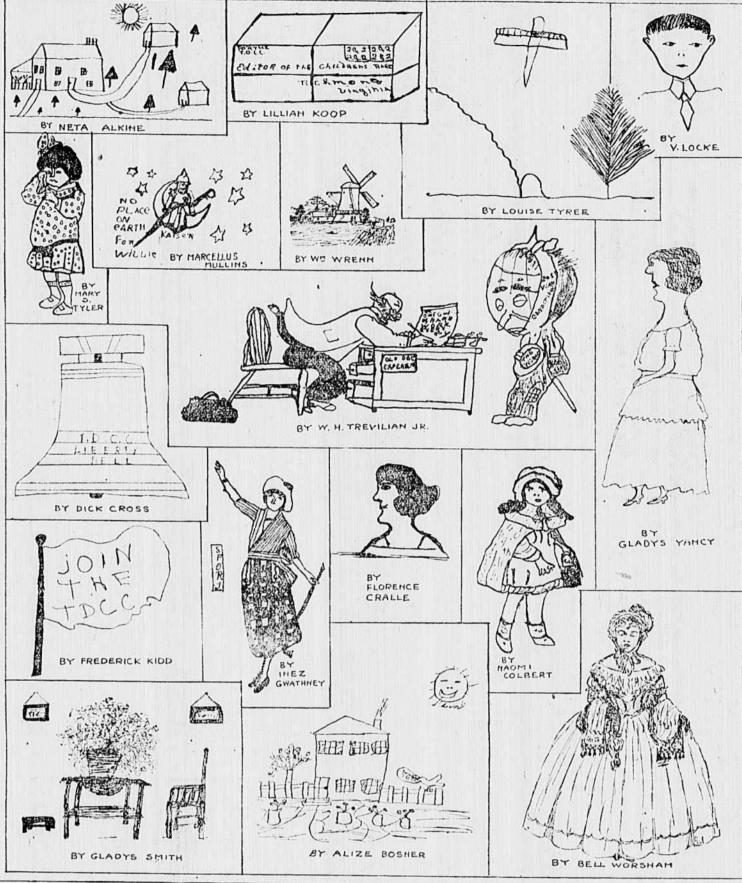
that must have replaced it."

hope you will understand." "That I do, son, and no apologic needed," asserted Bob. They had planned a surprise for

James' parents. Jim was to present himself at hon and surprise them. When he did "there was great feasting and re- To guide the stranger on his way,

The boys were there with their

Sketches Drawn by Members of The T.-D. C. C.



Maine. These boys go to Maine and have

some lively adventures there captur- in print. ing lumber thieves and clearing a lished in the page in a short while

By EDWIN BOOTH.

Summer now has just begun, It's nice and there is so much fun

There is always somewhere A folly trip to see.

Contented now at home I think, With picnics every day, Those good old eats you know you'd Would make anyone gay

To think of the hay-ride you're going on, A day or two or more, Before the day on which it's set, Will make any heart sore.

on the moonlight which mother, dear Has promised you may go, You expect to have much fun and joy, But it will never come-you seem t know.

The time that is best by far Is the beautiful, wonderful, season, Original-by

BARBARA E. DUNSON.

THE MANSION. Covered o'er with climbing vines,

It stands across the way.

A mansion of colonial style.

Which lived through many a day. The spacious porch, the gabled roof, The cherry light within.

Have welcomed many a noted guest, And all the kith and kin. Its wide halls oft with laughter rang.

Its rooms with mirth were filled. any many a child has sung therein Whose voice has long been stilled Its spacious lawns, with fir trees set

Its winding pathways dim. Stand poplars, tall and slim

Oh, shining light! and kindly roof. MARGARET BOWLES.

Letters From Our Little Ones

Dear Editor.—Your new way for orranging the "children's page was yery great, but I suggest in Jiaving the "page" arranged the old way I think it looks nicer and it also gives more space for other members. I was greatly pleased to see my drawing of George Washington and poem in print. A member, ELLEEN KELLEHER.

1232-A Ashiand Avenue.

Daying it think summe time of the year, because in bathing and have a ni will have to close for I have written enough see in print and oblige.

Your Old Member in print. A member, Gilmore Mills, Va.

Wants Snow, Dear Editor.—I am s

1232-A Ashland Avenue.

Dear Editor.—I saw my poem in Sunday's paper and appreciate your putting it in very much. I expect you think you shouldn't have let me come into your club, I worry you so much into your club, I world will be pretty flowers.

Well, as my letter is getting very and all of putting it in very much. I expect you think you shouldn't have let me come into your club, I worry you so much about my badge and rules, but I am afraid they may have gotten lost in the mail if you have sent them. I know you have new members coming in all the time, but I worry over the badge, though I'm certain that it hasn't come because of the other embers coming in and you have to send badges to them. It keeps you busy. I don't blame others for wanting to join. I hope you don't think I send too many poems in. I have so many that I just keep on sending them, I have been on my vacation up near the Riue Ridge Mountains cight miles from there. The scenery is wonderful all about the big house, I didn't want to come home a bit.

poem, I am, 2128-A West Main Street, City.

It is Fine.

My Dearest Editor.-- I thank you : million times for printing my poem and letter last Sunday, and I am late I couldn't think of a thing to but I couldn't think of a thing 'o write about. Am sending two poems. Try to print both, but If you can't use but one, then take the one entitled 'Our Policemen.' My dady's a policeman and I want to surprise him. I think we had a beautiful shower yesterday. I must close, so try to get my poems in the paper, and remember me always as a faithful member. Love to all the members. ful member. Love to all the member BARBARA E. DAWSON, 2218 Fairmount, City.

My Dear Editor,-I am nov n a poem, subject, "Our Editor." would like very much to see that in the paper, and also this letter just as soon as I could. I made the poem up myself because I am the only on nome now and when mother and do want to get the prize so bad an't even think about getting apblack ink so that I can draw ust as good as Rufus George, almost

· Your true member. Age 13. Lawrenceville, Va. Welcome Back.

Dear Editor .- I will enclose which I hope to see in print other guess you thought I never was going to contribute to the page again, but did not see my letter in. I am ing myself, I hope to see my but I have been so busy I have not sending a story and drawing in for had time. I have had a real nice the T. D. C. C. The story is called old member, received the transfer of the transfer o

I will have to close for this time as I have written enough, I desire to

Your Old Member, LOUISE TYREE.

Wants Snow, Dear Editor,-I am sending in

story for the page, and I hope it will escape the "waste basket."

Aren't the days warm? It is rather cool here today though it isn't cool

With much love to you and all of the club I will close. Excuse all mis-

Your old member, CLAUDIA HILL.

Dear Editor,—I thank you so mucl for publishing boys' names in figure

I enjoy it so much to know I am is Enclosed you will find jumbles names of animals.

Your new member, BEATRICE ALLEN.

Praises Contest. Dearest Editor,-I think the contest as fine. Wonder who will win the Of course I know I won't, for sine. I am sending in a drawing; our editor, please print it, for I took on and the members.

Lovingly, INEX RUSSELL GWALTNEY. P. S. Please excuse blue ink Lovingly,

drawings for the T. D. C. C. Sea-H. P. Thornton Mullins, age 8 years Same address.. We were glad to see THORNTON MULLINS.

They Were Printed.
Dear Editor.—I will tonight send

you a few drawings, which I hope to see in print soon. I didn't get to see drawing or story was printed or not, I haven't seen any of my drawings in for a long time, but hope this wii for a long time, but any, be printed. As ever your member, LHLJAN KIDD,

hot. I saw in the paper where you want my address. I send it on ansee my picture and story in Sunday,

he member of T. D. C. C.

ELELYN BOSHER.

get our membership and badge Hoping to see our drawings in the paper. I hope they will pass Mr.

Vastebasket.
BILLY AND ANN OPPENHIMER.

I have forgotten you all but I cerainly have not. I have been reading he Children's Page every Sunday and I certainly do enjoy it. just heen so busy this summer 1 just haven't had time. I am sending in a drawing which I hope to see in print next Sunday. Your old member,

MARY SIMS TYLER. I have R. F. D. No. 3, Henderson, N.

Dear Editor,-I am sending in a kind of composition, which I hope you a wire fence and a small boardwalk will put in Sunday. I hope it's not and is on the order of the big pool.

contest) 1 ent in a composition on the "Sumbut it has never been printed yet. Did you receive it, or wasn't it good enough to print? If around: "Gee, do:
i'Cs good, I would like if you'd print was a kid again?" Your loving member

109 Rose Ave., Clifton Forge, Va. Praises Contest. Dear Editor,-I will enclose an-

Dear Editor,—1 will other drawing which I hope to see in print. Well I guess the wonderful contest is over. I think every one enough. From an old membe LOUISE M. TYREE.

rest with my work, but when I have time I send my work in when I pos-

work this month and also hope it will the coming in month. Well there are several of the chit-

Well I will close hoping to get the prize soon, a member, JANET MARGARET BANTON. Writing Again.
Dear Editor,-I have not written

in a long time, I have been enjoythe time story

Puzzle and Charade Department

My first is in M, but not in mine. My second is in E, but not in wine My third is in C, but not in can, My fourth is in K, but not in ran My fifth is in L, but not in land, My sixth is in E, but not in began My seventh is in N, but not in non-My eighth is in B, but not in fun. My ninth is in U, but not in when.

My tenth is in R, but not in then.

My eleventh is in G, but not in nen.
The whole is the county in which
live. (Original).
Composed by VIRGINIA TISDALE.

Names of Authors in Figures.

1-12, 15, 14, 7, 6, 5, 12, 15, 23.

1-12, 15, 14, 1, 6, 5, 12, 15, 24, 2-18, 9, 12, 5, 25, 3-8, 1, 23, 26, 8, 15, 18, 14, 5, 4-5, 12, 9, 15, 20,

OUR PLAYGROUND.

On July 4th, of this year, our wonopened to the public, and was viewed farther down, and dances, ring games with a source of pride and joy by and industrial work is held there unnearly all of the Clifton Forge people who witnessed the opening of the tress marvelous place.

Our editor asked how we were go ing to spend our vacation, so I will other pit, tell you. I am going to spend it right here. And I don't think any one here needs to go away for fun or excitement, for right here on our playground there is enough excitea another place would amount to, go-round and shoot-the-shoot And you would say so too if you saw our playground.

Hundreds of eager crowds of people go to see the park in the cool of night or the hot of afternoon, to indulge in the sports and places of recreation that our playground pro-

Our playground has made, I believe, everyone in Clifton Forge happy, played by one of the teams. especially the litle tots, for where wading pool, "shoot-the-shoots," swings, see-saws, merry-go-rounds and the many other things made by workmen for their pleasure? Many people passing in or near

lifton Forge are loud in their adespecially our first directress, Miss Chambers, from Washington. She has said that of the many play

grounds she has supervised over, none

could compare with this one. Weil, to begin telling you of our shady grove with beautiful trees all around. The scenery around It is equally

Farther down, from which innum-

the moon peeping through the trees the moon peeping through the trees and watch it as it shines on the waters of the pools near about.

The whole park is inclosed by a big wagon became frightened and startwire fence, with an entrance by a constitution of the bridge and also by a road far off. Everywhere you go in the playground you see benches and benches for the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest. There are many beautiful they reached the farm the people to rest.

We also have a life-saver who village they told their story, eaches us how to swim and who reservery one became much distributed by the story of the teaches us how to swim and who res cues people-but so far there have

been no casualties yet. Adjoining the pool are about thirty

see there are little chances of our catching germs from it. The town sells also cold drinks, ice eream, etc., so if any one wishes, mystery of the

Next is the wading pool for the little tats, which is about a foot deep in the middle. It is also inclosed b Editor, very long time ago (about the little tots splashing about the It seems like real joy to you to see pool, having the time of their lives. I once heard a woman say to a

The next thing is a cement fountain, from which "everlasting" cold, bubbling water flows in a continuous stream. Then there is a large sand fine sand. Then there comes the swings, sec-saws, and shoot-the-shoots combined. It consists of four swings, two see-saws and two shoot the-shoots (you make a mile a minute going down them). Also near about there are two big

bathhouses convenient for dressing and undressing, and very up-to-date Then there are about six sec-saws bread to eat. dren tell what they have for pets, at one place and some more at another nothing but a pet hen but I other in various parts of the play-take great interest in her and her ground. Near, are also the little Then there are six swings in an iron

My first is in J, but not in can.
My second is in O, but not in tan.
My third is in L, but not in pan.
My fourth is in L, but not in fan.
My fifth is in Y, but not in san.
My sixth is in R, but not in land. My seventh is in O, but not in

andy.

My eighth is in B, but not in say.

My ninth is in L, but not in day.

My tenth is in N, but not in late.

My whole is the kind of birl I

kee.

ALEZE BOSHER.

Names of Animals in Figures.

2—3, 1, 20. 3—8, 15, 18, 19, 5.

3-8, 15, 13, 13, 5, 4-3, 15, 23, 5-16, 9, 7, 6-13, 21, 12, 5, 7-13, 15, 14, 11, 5, 25, By ELIZABETH GORSLINE.

are furnished for you to knock the ball with. It is a real nice game The next thing is a large pavilion.

the end of a string. Wooden bats

der the supervision of our new direc-There is also another sand pit under the trees on the order of the

I just couldn't tell you all of the things we have here, but, as our directress said: "It is worth any one's money to come to see our park." The swimming pool, I think, is by

good also, though I think everything over there is fine. Our playground is not completed yet-not half-and maybe I will tell you of the rest of it when the new attractions are added, which I hope will be soon.

There have also been many boys'

far the best thing, and the merry-

baseball clubs organized, and every day we have an exciting ball game could they find anything to excel their of Clifton Forge is the knowledge wading bool "shoot the shoots" that the playground belongs to them

all, and to no one else. Our playground is not kept up by charity, like some of the large cities but nearly every one here made a

knowledge that we paid for it, and PEARL V. FLIESS.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. "The Brokenborough House," or the 'Haunted House" was the talk o

he village. The scenery around it is equally beautiful; even prettier than a picture, I think. It is especially pretly at night.

Farther down, from which innum-Farther down, from which innum-erable creeks flow, the moonlight sparkles on them like glittering jew-they were startled by a terrific noise els at night. Towering mountains which seemed to come from the "Old surround it, and you can hardly see Brokenborough House," which had through the trees, for the leaves are not been inhabited for five or six so thick. Only at night one can see the moon needing through the trees seemed to flicker for a moment, and

to see it in print Sunday. I think the contest of Virginia's Greatest tiful shady trees about of all kinds. Hero as good. Some of the stories. The principal thing one encounters amine the so called "haunted house." on the playground is a large swim- Upon returning to the village, the ming pool. Around the pool, which declared that something must be in o her. She writes but she don't traw feet wide with over seven feet depth liess is one of the in the deepest place, is a large board-themselves. They did not have long to wait after arriving, for acr walk, and the whole pool is surmounted by cement from end to end. Hundreds of people take a dip in the
pool every day.

Hunwhite, but before any one could
reach them they had disappeared in
the house. Upon returning to the city had come to the village, and they decided to try and see what they Adjoining the pool are about thirty could discover. They started out dressing-rooms and also a shower house. Every one has to take a the house where they hid behind we have rules and regulations for our pool, and no one with diseases is allowed to go in the pool; so you pulled off and there stood three boys from the college five miles away s boys had come nere every escape hazing. And thus the stery of the "Brokenborough

Written by WALTER MAMONEY.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Once in the center of a wooded which had been unoccupied for many years. Nell and her brother, Buster also their father and mother went there to live. The day they moved was a bleak day in December and the man, as she watched them spiashing snow was falling thick and fast, around: "Gee, don't you wish you First night, about 1:30, they heard the front door open, then the mother Doubtless it carries many people heard chairs and other things turn PEARL V. HESS.

(Age 12.)

Doubtless it carries many people neard chairs and coner things the back to their childhood when they over. Such a running up and down were, "Just a kid with a heart full stars was never heard by those people were, "Just a kid with a heart full stars was never heard by those people was a possible was a possib ple before, and then a pistol was heard and for three nights things lar and eaw a spot of blood. He went to the agent and told him about what enjoyed it very much don't you think pit, surrounded by cement, and full had happened. The agent, with a so Miss Witt? Well I guess I will of fine beach sand. Every night it is loud laugh, told him the house was close for this time as it is long full of little children playing in the haunted. They came back to the enough from an all the same back to the crowded city
FLORENCE GRUBBS.

KIND LITTLE KATE

Once upon a time there lived a

little boy and his mother. They lived son we are very poor and there is no The little boy walked away sadly. He ground. Near, are also the little the gate. While he was standing wooden baby swings and every day there a beautiful little girl came What do you want' said she, I am house and gave him his dinner and of game. It is an iron pole with a And he walked home very happy. RUFEAN TYERA. string tied to it, and rubber ball on Composed by KATHLEEN ROBERTS

you see them full of little babies along. Her, name was little Kate. rod, which are wooden, and suspended very hungry, said he. Come with me, to the iron by a chain, which take you said the little girl and I will give you "sky-high." These are also full all your dinner. She took him to the Near the shoot-the-shoot, is a kind sent something to eat-to his mother.